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lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-
ments must be paid for in advance.
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Thoughts.

ABSENCE.

'Tis not absence, though afar,
If hearts love-united are;
And, when love is 'neath a blight,
'Tis not presence, though in sight.

COURAGE.

Who grandly boasts when there's no danger
Oft to true courage is a stranger.

SINCERITY.

Rather silence than speech
Where deceit forms a part;
Rather heart without words
Than the words without heart.

TRUE NOBILITY.

All noble minds may meet in mind,
And noble souls are kin and kind;
They are by time nor space confined;
The past is present, distance near—
They meet across the gulf of years.

POOR RICHES.

A man may be rich; yet, if truth were but told,
Be poor as ourselves, in the midst of his gold;
Who needs what he lacks, be it word, thought
or act,
Though a prince in his wealth, is a beggar in
fact.

SUBMISSION.

Neither pride nor ambition
Help us heavenward, but submission.

ENDURING FAME.

Blessed has been his day
Whose name descends on children's lips in
praise,
By loving mothers taught
To emulate his life in deed and thought;
Whose fame, from tongue to tongue,
Goes down the years, in story told and sung.

REALITY.

Anticipations but enhance;
Reality oft disappoints.

SUSPICION.

Virgile's best confessions no worse can do
Than cause a foul suspicion 'gainst the true.

CONFIDENCE.

However low, there is a chance to fail;
However high, a way to rise o'er all.

ALTAR AND TOMB.

We deck the wedding-feast with flowers:
They wither in a few short hours.
With importunities we drape the tomb,
Forevermore to live and bloom.

—Home Journal.

Who Knows?

The birds made such a racket in the
honey-suckle vine outside my window
that I couldn't sleep. The moon was
still in the sky, but a veil of yet lumin-
ous splendor in the east told that the
day was breaking—the day of June that
began my twenty-seventh year. When
I say that I was a woman, and add that
I was unmarried, and, worst of all, that
I had lost for good the requisite energy
that held forth any promise in that
direction, it will naturally be thought
that I shall make but a sorry heroine;
and it is just because of these discourag-
ing facts that I want to jot down this
little experience of a day, as a sort of
consolation to that suffering part of my
sex who have latent hopes, long linger-
ing, unfulfilled, at times at the last gasp,
then flickering up again with a sickly
tenacity most painful to contemplate.
But who knows what a day may bring
forth? Who knows?

I went about on tiptoe, not to awaken
mamma; and I took it as a piece of in-
gratitude that when she came down to
breakfast, and began to enjoy the toast
I had so nicely browned for her, and to
sniff the fragrance of a bunch of honey-
suckles that I had scrambled for at the
risk of a sprained ankle and the cost of a
shower of morning dew upon my clean
calico—I thought it mean of mamma to
begin about that church festival before
the day had fairly begun.

"I'm so glad it's fine weather, Jane,"
said mamma, with great urbanity of
tone and manner. "I thought I'd get
up early, so that you could reach the
church in good season; and I wouldn't
waste any flowers in the house, dear—
I'd keep them all for your table."

"You know very well, mamma," I re-
plied, "that I'm not going to have a
table. I've served my apprenticeship at
tables. Long ago, when I was young
and fair, I wore white, with my hair
curling about my shoulders, and had
the flower table, and enjoyed it. Later
on, I put my hair up, and had a fancy
table, and endured it with great resig-
nation. Last year I had recourse to a
switch to keep out my scanty locks, and
was compelled reluctantly to take the
post-office. This year I shan't have
anything; in fact, mamma, I'm not going
to the festival."

Mamma put down her bit of toast, and
turned absolutely pale.

"Not going to the festival!" she
echoed, mournfully.

"No, mamma," I said, beginning al-
ready to plead my case. "Can't I have
one birthday to myself? I'm twenty-
seven years old to-day."

"Oh, hush, Jane," said my poor
mother. "You scream so, the Hunters
next door will hear you, and blurt it all
over the place. I'm not deaf. If you
choose to give up all chance of—of so-
ciety, and neglect your duties, and re-
fuse to help the church along, why, of
course, I have nothing to say, only I
must in that case go myself."

"You!" I cried. "You'll be sick for
a month afterward; you haven't been
able to do anything of that kind for
years."

nerves will be shattered, and you are
young and strong, and still attractive
enough to compete with any young lady
in the place, and might, I verily believe,
if you were not so obstinate and head-
strong, be surrounded and admired as
you used to be, and you might, for my
sake, Jane, at least attend those little
entertainments."

Mamma put her handkerchief to her
eyes, and I yielded; I groaned in flesh
and in spirit, but I yielded. After I
had tidied up the work, and settled
mamma in the cool shady sitting-room,
upon her favorite lounge, with a nice
book in her hand, and a palm-leaf close
by—for the day was growing hot—I
twisted up my hair before the glass,
with many a sour mocking grimace at
the dark, thin, discontented face there-
in, put on an ugly brown linen dress, a
calash of a hat, and went off to the
church.

My mother looked after me with such
misery in her face that I called back to
her that I would wear something nice in
the evening.

"Will you wear your rose-colored
crape?" pleaded mamma.

"Will I wear spangles, and jump
through a hoop?" I said. "No, mamma;
I'll wear my black silk."

"And curl your hair?" she coaxed.

"There's a whole switch already
curled for me up in my bureau drawer,"
I replied. "It's nice this hot weather
to have very little hair of one's own!"

"Don't scream so!" said poor mother,
looking toward the Hunters' side win-
dows.

As if the Hunters didn't know all
about my failing charms, and no doubt
took an inventory of them half yearly to
send abroad to the eldest son, who had
been away in China these five years and
more, and would likely never come back
again. At least he had written to me to
that effect when he went away. I had
the old letter yet in a secret recess of
that same old bureau where lay the con-
venient switch of hair.

Time was when I needed no curls
shorn from maidens across the seas or
manufactured from home material. I
had plenty of my own. Jack Hunter
cut one of them off with his penknife
that night when we parted.

"I don't know," said he, savagely,
"whether I most hate you or love you,
but I'll keep this to remember the girl
who flirted and fooled away the truest
affection a man ever had for a woman."

He backed the curl from my head
with his penknife, and looked at me as
if he was half tempted to do me further
butchery; and God knows I didn't care
then if he had drawn the knife across
my throat; I should not have resisted
him.

"Don't go, Jack!" I cried out at last,
holding the edge of his coat. "Don't
go, anyway, so far as China; if you do,
I shall commence to dig a hole when
you get there. They say that China is
right under us, and I'll begin with a
little pick and shovel as soon as we get
news of your arrival. Then you can
begin on your side, and we'll meet each
other half-way."

He flung me from him with something
like an oath. "You would joke and
laugh over my grave," he said, and
went away, not to come back again.

Who would have believed it possible?
That the years would come and go, the
sweet summers bloom and fade, the
heart of the roses lose strength and fall
and fall away, to come again as sweet,
as strong, as fresh as ever, and Jack,
my Jack, never come back to me? Yet
he was not dead—nor wed. That was
one good thing. And he was out there
among those women with narrow eyes
and stunted feet, and he didn't as yet
know a word of the language. He was
growing fat, he wrote home to his peo-
ple next door, and bald, which didn't
matter on the top of his head so long as
he could keep enough to cultivate a pig-
tail. This was necessary, as he meant
to set up for a Chinese mandarin, and
was already embroidering a gown for
the purpose on spare nights. And I felt,
when they read me the letter, that it
was Jack's turn now to make merry,
when other hearts were sick and sad.

If he had only sent me one little line!
He showered gifts upon other people—
chests of tea and parcels of silk, lovely
bits of decorated china, big soft beau-
tiful shawls of crape. He sent gewgaws
and gold to so many others; if he had
only given me one little word!

They must have told him I had been
sorely punished; that my mischievous
gayety he had whiffed out like the flame
of a candle; that even the beauty of
which he had been so proud and fond
was gone—every bit of it gone. Sleepless
nights and useless repinings, long, wear-
some days, endless years filled with wild
yearning for that which seemed forever
hopeless, had robbed me of all. The
old bloom of the heart took with it the
crimson cheek, the laughing eye, and
the light, elastic step. Even my hair
fell out. Alas! poor me, the flesh fell
from my bones. As I hinted before, it
was not a very alluring object that
greeted me in the glass on the morning
of my twenty-seventh birthday.

"Aroint thee, witch!" I cried, and
wiped away with the hand-towel some
salt tears that fell upon the dimity bu-
reau cover, and upon the grave of sad,
sweet memories. Then I put on my
ugly brown dress, and the hideous bon-
net to match, and went off to the church,
pausing at the portal to look longingly
over at the cool, quiet graves of our old
neighbors. A soft wind stirred the long
grass there; a few birds hopped lightly
and fearlessly about.

How calmly, calmly smile the dead
Who do not therefore grieve!

"The Yea of heaven is Yes," I said,
and went on into the church, where the
ladies were grouped around the straw-
berries that had just arrived. I took

possession of a whole crate of these,
sending the young and pretty maidens
home to recruit for the evening.

There were a few faint, polite remon-
strances when I declined to take any ac-
tive part in the evening's entertainment.
"We must leave that part to the young
and attractive," I said, and there was a
general buzz of acquiescence. I had
the consolation of hearing several re-
marks upon my extraordinary good
sense and practical capability.

I was graciously allowed, after I had
hauled a whole crate of strawberries, to
hold a step-ladder and some nails for
Mrs. Smith, the apothecary's wife, while
she hung some gorgeous drapery, and
she likewise deformed the cool gray walls
of our little chapel, so that I was pretty
well tired when I went home at night-
fall. Mamma met me at the gate, and
looked at me so dolefully that I burst
out laughing.

"Never mind, mamma," said I; "I
won't look so cadaverous after I'm rested
and dressed for the evening."

But I'm afraid I was rather a painful
object for the gaze of a doting and once
ambitious mother when I had donned my
black silk, and was ready for the evening.
My hair was neither crimped nor curled.
You see, I had depended upon the switch,
which was bought for purposes of that
kind, and failed me ignominiously at the
last moment. My head ached, and I
could not bear many hair-pins thrust
into my scalp; in no other way would
the obstinate thing be induced to stay on.
Mamma was heart-broken, and I was
perverse at times. I thought perhaps
the switch was grieving over a beloved
and lost head of which it was once part
and parcel, and I forgave it, and left it
to its perverseness from that time on-
ward.

When I reached the church I was im-
mediately seized upon for something they
called "the grocery counter"—an in-
novation brought about by the advent
of a well-to-do grocer in our midst, a
widower, a stock-raiser and a man afflicted
with many maladies, of which he
loved to talk. He had generously sent
down from the city, in pound packages
and tin cans, samples of his available
goods, and proposed this "grocery
counter" to the young ladies, which they
despised and would have none of. The
grocer himself found favor in their sight.
They fitted about him, filled his button
holes with bouquets, his pockets with
bon-bons; they looked up in his face,
and tried to talk to him, poor children!
As best they could. But they appealed to
me to take the ugly counter, with its sordid
pound packages for home necessity, and
I took it with an ill-concealed avidity.
The truth was, a kind of heart-sickness
seized me when I thought that the even-
ing must be passed in making myself
generally agreeable, and I felt that to
wander about this place, distorted out of
its sweet savor of goodness and quiet
rest so dear to a weary soul—to wander
about among the flags and wreaths and
tents and arbors, with a smile for one,
a nod for another—was like the protracted
and agonizing pilgrimage of a lost soul
beyond the borders of the Styx.

So I speedily put myself behind the
counter, which comfortably hid more
than half my tall, gaunt figure, and was
so glad of the shelter that I found my-
self becoming interested in these de-
spised articles piled up before me. I
determined, if I could, to make my
mission a success, so that I and other
poor weary women might have this
refuge to fly to in these gala seasons of
misery.

The successful grocer, who had not
been very well pleased with the open in-
gratitude for his bequest, took heart and
brightened up when he saw me giving
an air of smartness to his goods. He
extricated himself from a bevy of young
and fair ones, and came generously over
to help me. In sheer gratitude I began
to praise his young colt that was pastur-
ing in a field adjoining our garden, and
he remained with me. Shortly after,
when he found that a queer feeling in
his head agreed with the same discom-
fort in my poor cranium, he brought a
chair behind the counter, and in a low,
tender voice he detailed to me the inter-
esting diagnosis of his pet malady.

On the other side of me the minister's
son, who was home from college, and suf-
fering from that period of egotism which
comes to young men of his kind, re-
mained during the entire evening, to
show his contempt for the young, the
fair, the frivolous. A few old married
friends, whose wives were sick or away,
hovered about the grocery counter, so
that it really did happen that I was sur-
rounded by men. The evening was
passing pleasantly enough. My dark
corner was well patronized, and every
woman who has to do with church en-
tertainments will understand my grati-
fication and relief when I found it was
nearly ten o'clock and all was well. At
this time a letter was put into my hand
by one of the post-office messengers—
we always made a feature of the "post-
office at our festivals, where pink and
parti-colored missives, with doves and
other doting designs upon the envelopes,
were distributed at extravagant rates of
postage. I had just been favored with
a liberal offer from a customer, and
elated with my bargain, proceeded to
put up my bundles, not giving much
heed to the love-letter from the neigh-
boring booth. Truth to say, I felt a
little tingling of the blood at the idea of
the mockery that might be concealed
therein by one of those witty village
youths, and the letter lay there for a full
half hour, when somebody said, in the
most commonplace way,

"So Jack Hunter is back from
China."

In a moment every thing was black
before me. I dropped my hands and
my eyes to the counter, and when this
sudden dizziness was gone, I saw upon

the little tawdry envelope Jack's scrawl-
ing handwriting. Here was the little
line I had coveted all these years, and
this is what my half-blinded eyes made
out:

"I came home because I was mad to
see you—because all these years, and
your old perfidy couldn't kill my love
for you. I find you just as I expected
to, in a space small enough to be filled
outside and inside with—men. You are
as beautiful and fascinating as ever, and
as fond of admiration. I hear that you
are about to be married to the grocer at
your elbow, who so engrosses your atten-
tion that you do not care to look at the
passers-by. God help him, and God
bless you! I have had my lesson. Now
I shall, perhaps, be satisfied. Good-by."

Five minutes after that I was running
home, without my hat, and with his note
crumpled up in my hand. The people at
the festival no doubt thought that
mamma was taken suddenly ill. They
could not have fancied I was running
after Jack, because he had been there at
the church for an hour, and I had been
totally unconscious of his presence.

Dear heaven! how could it be that I
didn't know, that something didn't tell
me, that I didn't feel he was near me?

But I didn't. I went on talking to
the grocer about a remarkable operation
for an ulcer that he had undergone,
when Jack must have been only a few
rods away! I ran down the road, my
heart in my throat. Fortunately the
village street was deserted. Every man,
woman, and child were at the festival,
except those who could not be out at all;
so I ran on unchecked, a dim fear gain-
ing weight with me that Jack had not
unpacked his trunk, and was off to
China again within the hour. But when
I reached his house, which was next
door to my own, I saw him sitting out
on the balcony smoking a cigar, with his
feet perched upon the railing. But his
face grew very pale in the moonlight,
and his feet clattered quickly down
upon the porch when he saw me run in
at the gate. The cigar fell from his lips,
the ashes tumbling over his broad white
waistcoat.

"Why, thank God," he said, "this
must be my own dear little girl. Now,
see here, Jenny," he began, scolding,
a minute after; but he kept tight hold
of me, and trembled fully as much with
happiness as I did.

Nothing can persuade him that I am
not a desperate flirt, as beautiful as an
angel, and irresistibly fascinating. I
have not the least doubt that half the
village are laughing at Jack's ridiculous
devotion and jealousy; but the well-
meant endeavors of his friends and fam-
ily to convince him that I am a plain,
faded, unattractive, and neglected old
maid he laughs to scorn as a conspiracy
of envy or jealousy. And how can I
wonder at his delusion? Mamma says
Jack has terribly aged during these
years of loneliness and exile, and looks
older and not so comely as our neighbor
the grocer; but to me he is still the
handsome, alluring, in every way ador-
able Jack. He is walking up and down
the little balcony next door at this pre-
sent moment, and hidden by our odorless
honey-suckle vine, I am listening to him
trill out the last words of his favorite
ballad:

"So girls be true while your lover's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morn-
ing
Oft proves a pleasant day."
—Harper's Weekly.

A Steam Balloon.

Another invention, which is occupy-
ing the scientific world of Paris, is the
Guglielmi steam balloon. If the ex-
periments answer the inventor's hopes
this balloon will be one of the wonders
of this age of wonders. The invention
is based on eight points: 1. Ascension
power. 2. Translative horizontal and
diagonal power. 3. Safety against
accidents. 4. Direction from one point
to another given point. 5. The material
employed in the construction of aerial
steamboats. 6. Perfectly aerial archi-
tecture. 7. The disposition of the as-
cension power. 8. The manœuvres on
board and the degree of temperature of
aerostat. The gas employed is hydrogen,
disposed in twelve globes instead of one.
Once in the air, the boat, which is
oblong like a ship, is moved on by two
steam engines placed underneath the
heel. Thus is cut the air like other
boats out the sea. With an engine of
fifteen horse-power thirty metres are
made in a second. The acting manœuvres
consist in passing the excess of
hydrogen in the globes into others re-
served expressly for the guidance of the
boat, and then repassing them into their
first globes, according to the descent or
ascent which may be required.

Rosewood.

It has puzzled many to decide why the
dark wood so highly valued for pianos,
and in these times so cleverly imitated,
should be called rosewood. Its color,
certainly, does not look like that of a
rose, but when the tree is first cut, the
fresh wood possesses a strong, rose-like
fragrance; hence the name. There are
half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood
trees found in South America and in the
East Indies and neighboring islands.
Sometimes the trees grow so large that
planks four feet broad and ten feet in
length can be cut from them. These
board planks are principally used to
make tops for piano forctes. When grow-
ing, the rosewood tree is remarkable for
its beauty; but such is its value in manu-
factures as an ornamental wood, that
some of the forests where it once grew
abundantly, now have scarcely a single
specimen. In Madras the government
has prudently had great plantations of
this tree set out in order to keep up the
supply.

TIMELY TOPICS.

In Paris, year by year, there is a uni-
form increase in the prevalence of diph-
theria, due, it is alleged, in a great
measure to a neglect to isolate cases of
this disease.

It is only a few years since New Zea-
land was associated in our minds with
the idea of cannibal savages. Now we
find that there are no less than 924 miles
of government railroads in operation.

Of twenty-eight railroads that made
returns for the first three months of this
year, seven show a decrease on last
year's business of \$347,331. The other
twenty-one roads show an increase of
\$2,619,900.

It is stated that there are 8,000,000
pupils enrolled in the public schools of
the United States. The average daily
attendance is 4,500,000. The estimated
population between six and sixteen years
of age is 10,500,000.

The canning of meats, fruits and vege-
tables has become an immense business.
In Maine over 5,000,000 cans of corn
are packed annually, the sales of which
amount to \$1,150,000, giving employ-
ment to 10,000 people during the pack-
ing season.

The number of teeth at maturity is
thirty-two or sixteen to each jaw. The
eight front ones are called cutting teeth,
and the two next on each side are called
dog or eye teeth. The two next are two
pointed teeth, and the three next on each
side are called molars, or grinders. The
two last are called wisdom teeth, as they
are cut last.

A romantic incident of every-day life
occurred in Brooklyn the other day,
when a pretty girl of twenty chased a
man who had stolen her pocketbook,
and, having overtaken him, learned that
it was his first offense, went home with
him, gave him money, and then sued
for his pardon at the police court. The
man was at heart honest, but was driven
to the theft by the sight of his starving
family.

We learn from an exchange that the
Napanee Paper Manufacturing Com-
pany, Canada, manufacture "table
cloths" from rolls of white paper, sixty-
three inches wide and of any desired
length. Since paper is used for bed
quilts, shirt fronts, collars, floor cover-
ing, and so on, we don't see why it can-
not be made to do duty for covering
dinner and supper tables, especially for
large gatherings, where quantity of
covers is of more importance than qual-
ity.

A singular affair recently happened
near Lynchburg, Va. While Colonel A.
H. Fulkerson was riding over his farm
he was attacked by about one hundred
swallows, who assailed him with great
chattering and pecked away lustily at
his face and clothing. He was at first
amused at the puny assaults, but the
wounds which they soon inflicted upon
his face and neck convinced him that he
had nothing to laugh at, and he barely
escaped with his life.

John D. McCabe is prosecuting at-
torney for the eighth district of Arkan-
sas, a leading lawyer of the State, and
has been a candidate for the United
States senate. He lately eloped with
his sister-in-law, after writing as follows
to his wife: "God knows I deplore the
anguish this letter will cause. The world
may well denounce me for the step I am
about to take, as I am leaving my wife,
family, home, all. To refer to the past
would be an insult, but in the future I
can only look to God to protect you." Mrs.
McCabe fell in a fainting fit, and
has since been a maniac.

A fashionably-dressed man went into
Eunt & Roskell's large jewelry store in
Bond street, London, selected articles
worth \$4,000, and tendered a thousand
pound note in payment. Mr. Roskell
ascertained that the note was a forgery.
Just as he was about to summon assist-
ance, a cab was drawn rapidly up, and
two men in police uniform hurriedly en-
tered, saying that the man was an old
offender of whom they were in search.
Directing a porter to place the jewelry
in the cab and to come along with them
as a witness, the men in uniform said
that they would inform the firm when
their attendance would be required to
press the charge. Then they drove off
with their prisoner, leaving the jewellers
loud in their praises of the proficiency
of the police. Next day, however, their
porter, brutally beaten, returned with
the information that the two supposed
police officers were thieves in disguise.

A Tokio correspondent gives the partic-
ulars of the recent assassination of
Mr. Okubo, minister of the interior for
the Japanese Empire. The day named
had been set apart for a special meeting
of the Emperor's cabinet at the Dai-Jo
Kwan, near the palace, and about eight
o'clock in the morning Mr. Okubo left
his residence in a carriage to attend the
council. Just before reaching the palace
gate, at an open space near one of the
city moats, his carriage was suddenly
stopped by a band of armed assassins,
six in number, who were lying in wait
for him. The assassins were each armed
with swords; they first killed one of the
horses and the coachman; they then fell
upon the minister, who was entirely un-
armed and helpless, and hacked him al-
most to pieces. The murderers then
gave themselves up to the police. Mr.
Okubo was the Emperor's favorite min-
ister and a man of great energy of char-
acter.

Items of Interest.

Why is a ship the politest thing in
the world? Because she always advances
with a bow.

Intelligent girls should marry farm-
ers, because they are men of culture—
agriculture.

Agriculture and mechanism build up
the country, while commerce and manu-
factures build the cities.

Of a barber's shop that was formerly
a law office the paper says that people
get shaved there just the same.

Four things are grievously empty—A
head without brains, a wit without judg-
ment, a heart without honesty, a purse
without money.

"Suppose I should work myself up to
the interrogation point?" said a bean to
his sweetheart. "I should respond with
an exclamation!" was the prompt
reply.

Mago, a Carthaginian, wrote twenty-
eight large volumes on farming, and the
Roman Senate ordered it translated
into Latin for the use of the Roman
people.

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how
peaceful that cat and dog are." "Yes,"
said the petulant husband, "but just
tie them together, and see how the fur
will fly!"

In London, from 1838 to 1852, the
average annual death rate from small-
pox was 540 per million. In the twenty-
five years of compulsory vaccination
(1853-77) it declined to 344.

The secret of war has been well de-
fined by an unknown Chinese author:
"Soldier he come on, he come on, he
come on quite near, we go 'way. How
can two men stand on one spot so?"

Life-preserving Rules: 1—Never dis-
turb a dog when he is eating. 2—Never
interrupt an editor when he is reading
proof. 3—Never call upon a housewife
when she is up to her elbows in a wash-
tub.

"Is sweet when the rose drops to sleep,
And swift to its nest flies the dove,
When the first star from heaven doth peep,
And dooms are throbbing with love,
To sit with your fair one, who beams
With the powerful sweetness of yore,
And glide into love's dream,
As she tickles your nose with a straw."

What our great men are doing—
Thomas Ewing has been blown up in a
Mississippi steamer. Disraeli is a tramp
at Ottawa. James Madison has been
acquitted of a charge of burglary at St.
Louis. Daniel Webster, a shoemaker,
of Washington, has been fighting in a
lawsuit about a pair of boots he made
for John C. Breckinridge.

It is a peaceful, refreshing sight to see
a female negligently reclining against
the softly-cushioned seats of her fash-
ionable landau, smiling sweetly to her
friends as she passes them on the ave-
nue, while her placid face is shaded by a
cardinal silk parasol. More peaceful far
than to think of her crossing a five acre
lot on foot with that wild sunshade oscil-
lating in the air and an inquisitive bo-
vine following her in hot pursuit.

Little Johnny is visiting his grand-
father. This is an extract from a letter
to his mother: "Potato bugs is plenty,
an' I enjoy 'em very much, 'cause they
makes gran'father swear, an' every time
he bites over